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From Hours at Home.

THE PANGWES OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

BY REV. ALBERT BUSHNELL, FOR THIRTY YEARS A MISSIONARY TO AFRICA.

For a long time it was doubted whether cannibalism existed among the Ethiopian tribes of West and Central Africa; but, about a quarter of a century since, the native traders of the Gaboon River, who frequented its tributaries and adjacent regions, began to bring back rumors of a cannibal tribe occupying the Sierra del Crystal Mountains and highlands beyond. At first their reports were vague, and, like most native stories, highly colored by imagination, and exaggerated in passing through the lips of numerous reporters. They were represented as a people of gigantic stature and lion-like courage, nearly white, with long, straight hair. Their number was compared to the leaves of the forest and sands of the sea-shore. Wonderful accounts were given of their exploits in war, armed with weapons of their own manufacture, from iron dug from their own native hills; and, in the imagination of the timid coast people, they were regarded almost literally as being able one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. As a matter of course, we felt no little curiosity to become acquainted with this remarkable people, and it was not long before our desire was gratified by seeing specimens of the tribe, who as pioneers were beginning cautiously to descend from their unexplored wilds toward the coast. The first two seen by the writer were indeed fine specimens of savage men; not white, but of a lighter tinge, more of a copper complexion than that of the people inhabiting the marshy lowlands bordering upon the rivers and coasts. Their hair was not straight, but in long plaited tresses hung over their shoulders, and their nearly nude bodies were smooth, and as sleek and shining as oil mingled with powdered redwood could make them. Their ivory-white teeth, filed sharp like saw-teeth, together with their wild bright eyes and whole appearance, indicated them unmistakably as representatives of a race of independent savages, who had hitherto been uninfluenced by the semi-civili-

zation of the coast. Occasionally we met with others, and learned that the first advance of a great emigration from the interior had been made, and that several outpost settlements had been established upon the western slopes, and at the foot of the mountains, and on the sources of the rivers. And as distance lends enchantment to the view, a nearer approach soon dissipated many of the fabulous ideas respecting this strange and interesting people, and gradually developed a more correct knowledge of their origin, language, and national characteristics and barbarous customs.

The first visit that was ever made to one of their settlements by a white man, was by one of our missionaries, who sickened and died a few days after his return, and the king of the Pangwes, whom he visited, died about the same time. This added to their superstitious fears, and rendered it difficult for us to gain access to them, and especially to have any communication with their chiefs and kings. The tribes residing on the rivers also persistently opposed our passing through their country to visit those beyond them, lest it might in some way interfere with their trade or other selfish interests. After several fruitless attempts to visit those located upon the upper sources of the Gaboon, I determined to attempt the exploration of the Asango, a northern branch of the river, near the head of which I had learned a Pangwe settlement was being established. But as soon as my purpose was announced, discouragements were raised on every side. That branch of the tribe was represented as being particularly savage; that, never having seen a white person, they would be sure to kill and eat the first one who should fall into their hands.

Having with some difficulty secured a boat's crew, accompanied by a young missionary recently arrived from America, I ascended the river to a Shëkanie town, near the mouth of the stream we desired to explore. Here, after considerable delay and palavering, and by the promise of a liberal reward, we obtained the services of the head-man to go with us as guide and interpreter. About midnight, with the upturning tide, we entered the Asango, and rapidly pursued our way, the sound of our oars re-echoing from the dense mangrove jungles that lined both sides of the river. The darkness of the night, the stillness and solitude of the scene, unbroken save by the noise of our boat, the chirping of insects, and the occasional barking of a chimpanzee, gorilla, or other denizen of the forest, was sufficiently novel to keep us wakeful till the dawn, which we welcomed with joy. In the course of the morning we passed two or three Bakëlie towns, the inhabitants of which did all in their power to dissuade us from going further; and, when they perceived that their threats and appeals to our fears were unavail-

ing, some of the women who had come down to the river-side raised the death wailing, as much as to say, they regarded us as already dead. Further on the stream became narrower, with higher banks, and the mangrove trees were exchanged for other and larger giants of the forest, which towered so high and spread their leafy branches so wide as nearly to screen us from the light and heat of the sun. We saw several places where the banks were broken by the tracks of elephants, which had come to bathe or cross the river, and at last we reached a landing-place where were marks of human footsteps.

Here we disembarked, and leaving our boat in the care of our men, followed a narrow foot-path through a dense forest a short distance, when we suddenly emerged into a large clearing upon the side of a hill, where the trees had been cut down and partly burned. On the opposite side of this clearing the Pangwes were at work preparing to build a town; and the moment we were discovered, they raised a wild shout, seized their arms, and rushing down surrounded us. Fortunately their king, who was on the ground directing their work, hastened to our relief, and soon dispersed the noisy rabble. He then seated himself upon a fallen tree and motioned us to sit, one on his right and the other on his left hand, and by kindly gestures and a smiling countenance assured us of his protection, and soon made us feel quite at ease. Then, through the imperfect medium of our interpreter, we told him who we were, and the object of our visit. His majesty replied, giving us a cordial welcome. He said in his interior home he had heard of white men, but had never expected to see one; and as an apology for not having a town to welcome us to, and a house in which to show us hospitality, stated that he had but recently come down from the highlands, toward which he pointed, and had not yet been able to finish a permanent dwelling-place. He inquired our names, and tried to repeat them, and told us that his was Nteke. He gazed upon us with wonder, examined our clothing, white skins, and straight hair, and, slapping his hands upon the sides of his body, uttered his amazement in shouts of laughter, in which his people joined heartily. We exhibited to his astonished view our pocket-knives, compass, and watch, all of which he examined with cautions and timid interest; when finally I took a lucifer match from my pocket, and, after showing him that it was a dry stick, ignited it upon the log on which we were seated. The instant he saw the smoke, followed by a blaze, he sprang from his seat and fled in terror, and there was a general stampede among his followers. He evidently regarded this as a supernatural act, and feared that something more terrible might follow. After having assured him that we had no evil intention, he returned and resumed

his sitting; but signified that his curiosity was satisfied, and he desired no further exhibition of our power, which he evidently regarded with superstitious reverence.

We then, to the best of our ability, told him of God, the Great Father, who "hath made of one flesh all nations of men," black and white. That He had given us His Book, which taught us and made us wise. That the knowledge of God was the great reason why white men were happier and wiser and more powerful than black men, who were ignorant of him and worshipped idols. That it was God's will that all people should know Him, and that He had sent us to teach them. That we were living with the black people near the sea, and teaching them to read God's Book, and that we desired to come or send some one to teach them also. At this message he expressed much pleasure, and promised that he and his people would welcome and protect any one who would come to do them good and make them wise. He gave us some specimens of their spears and war-knives, which were curiously wrought, and he described how they dug and melted the ore and manufactured them. He represented his people as being very numerous, some of whom lived far back in the interior, where grass-fields and prairies abounded with wild cattle and elephants; but that, attracted by trade, they were migrating towards the coast. He admitted that the old men and warriors were accustomed to eat human flesh, but said that the women and children were not allowed to taste it. When we were ready to return, we were followed by Nteke and his savage followers, who wished to see our boat. While we were preparing to leave, his majesty entered into a covenant of friendship with our interpreter, who had brought him white men, by slightly scratching their wrists till the blood started, and then rubbing them together, thus mingling their blood; after which they chewed a leaf, which they spurted upon each other. This ceremony completed, we entered our boat and turned our faces toward civilization, while the natives on the beach gave us several loud cheers that resounded through the forest.

Since this, my first visit to the Pangwes, I have lived for years at an interior station, in their immediate vicinity, where I itinerated among their towns, and almost daily received them at my house, affording ample opportunity to become familiar with their habits and customs.

The Mpongwes and other tribes call them Pangwes; but in their own language P is sounded like F, and they call themselves Fanh, plural Bifanh. They are, probably, a branch of a large family of Ethiopians who occupy the vast equatorial regions lying east of the Sierra del Crystal Mountains, and a

great lake of which they speak may be west of the "Albert Nyanza," described by Baker. They have now taken possession of nearly all the upper waters of the Gaboon and the surrounding country, having driven the Bahēliēs and Shēkanies before them, and in a few years will probably reach the seaboard. According to a statement recently made by Vice-Admiral Fleuriot Langle, at a meeting of the French Geographical Society, there are not less than 80,000 of them in the vicinity of the Gaboon, and the number is rapidly increasing. But I do not agree with the Admiral's opinion that their language nearly resembles the Zulu of South Africa; for having, with a committee of linguists in the United States, carefully compared the Zulu with the dialects of this part of Africa a few years since, we discovered no such connection. Their language has been partially acquired and reduced to writing by members of our mission, and it does not seem to differ very materially from those of the coast tribes; though it is, in character with the people who speak it, more harsh and abrupt, caring less for fluency and euphony. When first discovered, the Fanhs were the most robust and athletic race of Africans we had ever seen; but in their transition from the more elevated interior to the low malarious regions of the coast, we notice a gradual physical deterioration, which may be owing, not entirely to change of climate and location, but to less active, daring habits, and to the destroying influence of foreign liquors, of which they were formerly in blissful ignorance. When we first made their acquaintance, domestic slavery was unknown among them, and it is not probable that the foreign slave trade had ever preyed upon them to any great extent. They are great elephant hunters, and have much skill in entrapping and killing these lords of the African forest; and most of the ivory which is shipped from this part of the coast passes through their hands. In addition to guns, with which they are now generally supplied, they make use of bows and poisoned arrows in hunting and war. Their arrows are dipped in a preparation made from a bean, which grows upon a forest tree called Oni, the effect of which is almost certain death. But they have also knowledge of the bark of a certain tree which is an antidote to this poison. Their spears, knives, and broad double-edged swords or daggers are curious specimens of native workmanship. Many of these are ornamented with brass and copper wire, beads, and cowries.

Like all savages, they are fond of ornaments, and not only do the females wear bracelets and anklets of iron, brass, and copper, but the men also encumber their limbs with these rude specimens of jewelry, and even plait their hair with beads and brass wire. Their bodies are tattooed with numerous devices,

and their clothing, originally of grass or bark cloth, is now becoming more ample, and is often of cotton fabrics. In their indigenous state, they had a name for God; but of his nature and attributes, like all unenlightened pagans, they were in woful ignorance. Circumcision prevailed among them, and some other traditions and customs that seem to have been derived from a Jewish origin. Their superstitions seem not to differ materially from those of the tribes nearer the coast; though I rejoice to learn that their belief in witchcraft is not so general and sanguinary in its influence as among the neighboring tribes. They load their persons with a variety of charms and fetishes, which they profess to believe are possessed of potent power to secure to them good and protect them from evil; and the manufacture and sale of these to other tribes, not excepting the semi-civilized Mpongwes, is a large and profitable business. Like the proud Athenians of old, "they are in all things too superstitious." Every appearance in nature and event in Providence, which is beyond their comprehension, they consider supernatural. A company of them was once standing upon the piazza of our house, watching the oscillations of the pendulum of a clock that was visible in the room. They supposed it was a spirit. Opening the clock, I endeavored to explain the mystery to them, and invited them to approach nearer, which they declined to do. Presently the hour of twelve arrived, and the clock commenced striking, when they fled precipitately, and could not be persuaded to return. The first time they listened to a melodeon they declared that the instrument was pervaded by a spirit, and that the lady who accompanied it with her voice was a god.

It was amusing to listen to their questions and suggestions respecting everything which they saw for the first time, which showed no small degree of shrewd inquisitive interest, mingled with superstitious timidity. Polygamy prevails among them, as in all the African tribes, but not to such an unreasonable extent as among some of the more wealthy coast tribes. That they relish human flesh is certain, and that they are in the habit of gratifying the savage appetite, as often as opportunity offers, cannot be doubted. Some of the people are becoming ashamed of this horrid practice, and as the light of revelation dawns upon their minds, and Christian civilization gains access to their dark abodes, it will gradually be abandoned. What its origin was and how far it extends into the interior are still to be determined; but this much we know, from long observation, as well as from Scripture declaration, that all of these "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," where the people walk in darkness and dwell in the land of

the shadow of death, and that nothing but the Sun of Righteousness, rising with healing in his wings, can disperse that darkness, and raise to intelligence and virtue, happiness and heaven, the benighted people.

REMINISCENCES OF SIERRA LEONE.

BY REV. D. A. WILSON, FORMERLY A MISSIONARY TO LIBERIA.

It was positively exhilarating, after fifty days without sight of land, to look out upon the green, glad earth, as it skirted the cloud-crowned mountains of Sierra Leone. My first sight of Africa was pleasing. As we glided gently into port, the clouds lifted, disclosing a picture such as the imagination paints of oriental scenes. The margin of the roadstead was a belt of sun-white sand, gleaming in the morning sunlight. The coast, abrupt and broken, rose suddenly into an elevated plateau. Crossing at right angles the streets running back to the mountains, wide thoroughfares fringed with grass, closely cropped by the flocks and herds of the town, extended for miles in the direction of the coast. From the grounds and gardens on either side, graced with the orange, oleander, mango-plum, and other tropical fruits and flowers, peeped houses of every grade, from the stately mansion to the hut. In the background rose the hills from which the colony takes its name, whose sides are partly tilled, and partly set with the cocoa-nut and palm, and whose summits kiss the clouds. Such was the landscape, to me as novel as it was beautiful, which burst upon the view as we dropped anchor within a furlong of Freetown.

Perhaps a dozen vessels, of different classes—British, French, and American—were lying in the roadstead, among them two rakish schooners, lately condemned and dismantled as slavers, but not yet removed to Destruction Bay—a mile or so distant—where such craft are sawn asunder, and evermore unfitted for sea and their execrable traffic.

Scarcely had we anchored, when boats swarmed around the vessel, their crews anxious to make the acquaintance of the new-comer. In a little while the harbor-master came on board, and, satisfied that our business was legitimate, our boat was soon lowered and manned, and, in company with the captain, I went on shore. Though bound for a trading voyage along the coast further south and east, he had a consignment of goods for a house in Freetown, and his first object was to report to the consignee. The stone-stepped landing and the newly-graded street leading thence to the town were alive with boatmen, porters, and market-people of all ages and sexes, respectful, but eager to serve you as they might. Passing

through the crowd, we were soon seated in the counting-room of Mr. K—, a middle-aged, hearty, benevolent-faced Englishman. Salutations, inquiries as to passage, etc., concluded, a dish of golden-hued mango-plums placed before me, introduced me to the delicious fruits of the tropics.

But besides general sight-seeing, I had a special object on shore. I wished to pay my respects to a gentleman of whom I had heard before leaving the United States. On inquiring for his residence, I learned that it was between two and three miles distant—too far, I was told, for me to walk under an African sun. On further inquiry as to means of conveyance, I was informed, somewhat to my surprise, that Freetown, of 15,000 inhabitants, did not enjoy the convenience of a livery-stable. With true African hospitality, however, Mr. K— offered me his horse; and, with true African deliberateness, in the course of half an hour it was announced that the steed was waiting. He was a fair specimen of the tropical African horse; an iron-gray, perhaps eleven hands high, duly proportioned, though thin of flesh, in consequence of coast-fever. Being of a taller order myself, my feet, on mounting, were rather near the ground; but having no choice, and feeling the independence of a stranger, I smiled philosophically and ambled on my way. My way soon led me into the chief thoroughfare of the city—a perfect Broadway in its surging tides of people.

A ride of perhaps a mile and a half left the city behind me. The busy mart of men I had exchanged for the luxuriant verdure of the tropics. Trees in great variety, all strangers, shaded the road-side, and waved in the grateful sea-breeze. Fancy a tall man astride a little horse, vigorously jerking the reins, and a boy behind switching, as if trained to the business, and you will see me as I rode up to “the Christian Institution of Fourah Bay.”

In the midst of grounds, neatly enclosed, except on the side washed by the waters of the bay, and ornamented with walks and flowers, and shrubs and trees, a massive stone structure, white as alabaster, rose three stories high. The evidences of wealth and taste were before me. Ascending a flight of solid stone steps, a pull at the bell brought a neatly-habited servant, into whose hand I put my card for Mr. J—, and was shown politely to a seat in a kind of hall surrounding the inner apartments of the edifice. Presently a short, dark, corpulent mulatto, clad in a jacket of white flannel, came tripping in, and, with smiling face and hearty shake of the hand, bade me welcome. It was the Rev. E— J—, principal of the Christian Institution of Fourah Bay—an Institution designed to train young men for the sacred ministry.

Having taken only very cursory notes at the time, it is im-

possible now to recall the *ipsissima verba* of the conversation. It was one, however, which left a very distinct impression, rapid, discursive, and to me as deeply interesting as it was unexpected. I was myself then fresh from the schools, and better "posted" in theological and general literature, and more conversant with the celebrities of America, Britain, and the Continent, than I have been since. My delightful surprise may be imagined, when I found there, on the shores of dark and down-trodden Africa, a man, a negro, who was fully abreast of the literary movements of the times in both hemispheres, and who spiced our feast with personal reminiscences of many of the eminent contemporaries of England and Germany, as of a former generation of distinguished Americans.

While this free interchange of thought was passing, a personal interest in the man was excited, and presently, giving the conversation another turn, I drew from him a sketch of his own history. If the evident sincerity and consistency of his narration had left even a shadow of doubt as to its credibility, it would have been removed by the confirmatory statements of a worthy minister from New Hampshire, (now no more,) whom I was privileged to meet after my return to America. This gentleman had been a classmate of my African friend, and, indeed, from him I learned some new facts which the modesty or the immemory of J—— had caused him to pass by.

He was, he told me, the son of respectable parents in Charleston, South Carolina. His father became the proprietor and keeper of the first hotel in that city. Calhoun, McDuffie, and other leading men from the rural districts, were its patrons. Greatly prospered in his business, he became the owner of another hotel in the city of New York. From both, wealth flowed in upon him in a full stream. This son and a brother were sent to New England to school. In due time he received the baccalaureate at Amherst. Wishing to visit his parents at Charleston, he was denied the privilege, by a law of the State, which forbade negroes who had left to return. Funds without stint were placed at his disposal, and he spent some months in travel. Arrangements had been made to enter upon the study of medicine with an eminent physician of New York, when his plans for the future were suddenly arrested. His mother, a woman of high spirit, refused to remain longer in a State to which her own college-bred sons could not return, even to visit their parents, and prevailed upon her husband to leave the South. In the derangement of business and sacrifice of property, consequent upon removal, his father's pecuniary affairs became seriously embarrassed, and the resources of the son at once cut short. His hopes disappointed, his prospects blighted, and his spirit no doubt chafed at the occasion of his

calamity, he was tempted to drown his sorrows in the bowl, and the boa was beginning to wrap him in its fatal folds. It was then he met a friend of better days, who, seeing his danger, spoke faithful words of warning and of hope. They were not in vain. The whole man was changed. With new views of life and duty he resolved to devote himself to the ministry. Soon he was a theological student at Andover. During the greater part of the two years spent there he was a room-mate of Bela B. Edwards, a name fragrant in the memories not only of his students, but wherever thorough scholarship, classic taste, and purity of character are appreciated, one of the brightest ornaments of Christian learning.

While at Andover his attention was directed to Africa. It was wisely judged that there would be afforded the best field for the exercise of his talents; there he wished himself to be. A correspondence on the part of the Professors with the Church Missionary Society of Great Britain, resulted in his acceptance and appointment to the mission at Sierra Leone. In order to fit himself the better for the service of the Church of England, he spent another year in the Episcopal Theological School at Hartford; shortly after which he sailed for his new home, via England.

This was the man who, more than twenty years from his native land, was regaling me in his African home. Time sped, and I was all unconscious of its flight, until a bell summoned us to dinner. Almost without thought I found myself seated for the first time at a black man's table. "The tables were turned." I had changed America for Africa. So, more than once, have I seen others, higher in station than myself—commodores, captains, and commanders of our African squadron—submit gracefully to the new order of things: the negro not now the waiter, but the host.

I have often felt thankful that my transition to this new state of things was so easy. Still, I must confess to some surprise and some little uprising of my American feelings, when I was presented to a remarkably fair lady at the head of the table, as Mrs. J——. It was even so. The sister of a German missionary's wife had joined them in the colony as a teacher. Both sister and brother-in-law falling victims to the climate, she wished still to continue her work; and less fastidious than the widow of an American missionary, who declined the offer of his hand and came home, this German Miss remained as Mrs. J——.

Mr. J——'s assistant, the Rev. W. Sigismund Koelle, I did not meet till after dinner. Mr. Koelle had been educated in the far-famed gymnasia and universities of his "Faderland," and possessed the enthusiasm of the German scholar. He was a

faithful and successful instructor in the Institute, and embraced frequent opportunities to preach. But he was also busy in the study of the languages and dialects of Africa, for which that colony offered singular facilities. In a population there of 60,000 souls, and within an area of 100 square miles, were congregated the living, speaking representatives of more than one hundred different tribes and tongues. For one of his philological tastes and acquirements this was a rare field. But he had pushed his investigations beyond the limits of the colony. Hearing of the invention of a written language among the Vies, in the vicinity of Cape Mount—about 200 miles to the south-east—he had visited that tribe, and found this second Cadmus. Sometime before I saw him he had so far mastered both the language and its symbol as to read and understand the new African literature. He had even caused to be printed in London a small volume of native legends in the Vie character, a copy of which I still prize as a memento of the editor.

The history of that invention, as he gave it me, was in this wise: Do Du Lah, a man of meditative cast of mind, had observed, during a visit to the coast, that notes sent from ship to shore by the hands of his countrymen had the power, as he phrased it, of "talking at a distance." It was evident to him, from the responsive actions of the factor to whom the notes were given, that they were the medium of communication with the vessel. It was a mystery to him, and deeply impressed his imagination. It became the theme of his thoughts by day and of his dreams at night. Months passed thus, when at length, "in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," a visitant from the spirit-world appeared, and in soft, sweet tones addressed him thus: "Do Du Lah, I have seen the trouble of thy mind, and have come to show thee what thou wishest." Then stooping down he traced upon the earthen floor by his bedside a character, and said: "See, this means so." Character after character was made in like manner, and the meaning of it given. The apparition vanished with the dream, and when the morning came the characters were not. Not so the impression upon the mind of Do Du Lah. It was too deep to be effaced; too vivid to grow faint. At once he began to reduce to fact the teaching of the vision, and another written language was the result. Does not this fact, from a quarter least expected, throw some light upon the question still disputed, whether the origin of written language was human or divine?

Glad to accept the kind invitation of my new friends at the Institute to spend with them as much of our time as possible, on the morrow, *we*, i. e., my other self and I, rowed up the Bay to the Mission. As before proposed, Mr. Koelle examined a

class of seven or eight young men on the original text of the first chapter of Isaiah, and Mr. J—— another on the Greek of the Acts of the Apostles that I selected. I discovered then, what I have learned more fully since, the remarkable aptitude of the African for the acquisition of languages. These young men, with nothing to stimulate them in an appreciate public sentiment, but simply from the dictates of duty, or the love of learning, had made respectable proficiency in these original tongues of Scripture, and, besides, had some knowledge of the Latin and the Arabic. The latter, indeed, is a living language in that part of the continent, and, through the zeal of the disciples of the "false-prophet," is fast spreading over Central as well as Western and Northern Africa. Hence the propriety of making its study a part of the curriculum. Hence, en passant, the importance of the Arabic version, now publishing by our own Bible Society; and the visit of my former pupil, now Professor Blyden, of the Liberia College, to Palestine and the East, with a view to a more thorough knowledge, both of the written and the vernacular.

The course of study in the Institute was more thorough than extensive. The common branches in English, an acquaintance with the Scriptures derived from the study of the original text, and a knowledge of Pearson on the Creed, and Burnet on the Thirty-Nine Articles, was deemed there, as it was in England, sufficient for orders in the Church. This school of the prophets was an honor to its founders, and a fountain of blessing to Africa. From its halls many have gone out to make known to their heathen brethren the wonderful works of God.

It may be noted here, though not as a reminiscence, that Mr. Koelle has since taken rank among the philologists of his native land, by his work entitled "*Polyglotta Africana*." In that monument of his industry and zeal, about one hundred and fifty dialects are classified, their affinities and differences pointed out, together with notes, geographical, historical, and ethnological, of the tribes speaking them.

As already observed, most of these tribes are represented in the colony, though their original seats are widely separated in various sections of the continent. The Christian can see in this Babel not only a victory over the powers of darkness, in making the slave trade the occasion of a Christian colony, but a wonderful agency for the spread of the Gospel in Africa. Abeokuta, and its flourishing mission, a thousand miles distant, are the first fruits of the harvest yet to be gathered in. A noteworthy fact in this connection is, that a prominent member of that mission, the honored translator of the Scriptures into the language of Yoruba, and now Bishop of that country, was

in youth rescued from a slave-ship, and fitted for his work chiefly in this colony of Sierra Leone.

On the Sabbath, by appointment, we met Mr. J. near the wharf, who took us in his phaeton out on the Pademba road to one of the churches of the mission. The house, plain but neat, with capacity, perhaps, to seat 800 persons, we found already filled with worshippers. This was the first congregation I had seen gathered out of heathendom. They were of all ages, but the majority were young. Their dress, generally light and cheap, was yet clean and becoming. The forms of worship were those of our Episcopal churches. True, there was no pealing organ, and no singing by proxy there. In this part of worship there was nothing artistic. A critic might have found many faults. The airs were plain, old-fashioned, and devotional, and I could not but recall the lines of Burns as I listened to the rich, full, gushing melody of those old tunes, in which all united:

“Compared with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi’ our Creator’s praise.”

In the reading of the Psalter, all but the youngest were prompt in the responses, and during the delivery of a plain, practical, evangelical sermon by an English missionary, the Rev. Mr. B——, there was manifested the same attention and decorum which I had been wont to witness in the churches of our own land. Like Peter on the Mount, I felt it “good to be there.” I had before me a living testimony to the power of the Gospel to meet the wants of God’s most darkened and degraded children. Life, peace, hope, joy, through that gospel, had taken the place of death, dreariness, despair.

From the New York Observer.

AFRICAN GEOGRAPHICAL EXPLORATIONS.

The activity and zeal with which every portion of the great continent of Africa is now being explored, and the interesting facts which have been brought to light by geographers within three or four years, are but very imperfectly known to even our best-informed citizens. Several of the most successful explorers have been Germans, and two or three Frenchmen; and for some cause their labors have only been recorded in the language of their own countries. Yet some of their expeditions have accomplished as much, for the unveiling of the mysteries which have so long shrouded that continent, as Livingstone, and more than Burton, Grant, Speke, or Baker.

Of these foreign explorers, Gerhard Rohlfs deserves, perhaps, the first notice. A highly educated man, a doctor both

of philosophy and medicine, the pupil and friend of Dr. Barth, and already familiar with the climate and the prevalent language (Arabic) of Northern Africa, Mr. Rohlfs has manifested, since 1863, an energy and persistence in his efforts to penetrate into Central Africa, which entitle him to the highest admiration. He first attempted to reach Timbuctu by way of Morocco and the Great Desert, but, after a journey of about four hundred miles from the coast, was attacked, robbed, and left for dead by his treacherous guides. Having been rescued by some friendly Marabouts, and attended to Algeria, he set out again as soon as he had recovered from his injuries, and took a route southward from Algiers, still hoping to reach Timbuctu. War among the Desert tribes prevented the passage of the caravan, and after a protracted delay at Insaiah and Ghadames, two considerable towns on oasis of the Desert, he was compelled to fall back on Tripoli. Thence, in the autumn of 1865, he set out for the third time, and, after some delays, reached Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, the largest oasis of the Desert. Detained here for five months, he acquired valuable information respecting the history and growth of this Mohammedan Sultanate. He attempted to penetrate through Bergu to Wara, the capital of Wadai, where the unfortunate traveller Vogel had been murdered. Finding this impossible, he moved southward to Kuka, the capital of Bornu, situated on Lake Tsad. Kuka, and a considerable portion of the Kingdom of Bornu, had been previously visited by Barth and Vogel; but it has materially changed in twelve or fifteen years; and Rohlfs, during a six months' residence, was able to obtain much more definite information concerning it than any previous traveller had done. He was courteously received by the Sheikh Oma, the king of this powerful State, and, at his request, the Sheikh demanded of the Sultan of Wadai permission for him to visit that country. The Sultan would make no reply, and satisfied from what he learned that he would be put to death if he entered the Sultan's dominions, Mr. Rohlfs wisely forbore any further efforts in that direction. After exploring Mandara, and some other portions of Bornu, he turned his face westward, and entered the great central Fellatah Empire at Gombe. From this point he proceeded to Yakoba, a flourishing city of 150,000 inhabitants. The vicinity of this city he describes as possessing unsurpassed beauty of scenery. It is from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, healthful, and presents, in his opinion, one of the best locations for a mission station in Central Africa. Mandara also possesses some advantages for this purpose. The Mohammedans, who rule the greater part of these States, Mr. Rohlfs says, will not permit missionaries to remain in their territories; but Yakoba and

Mandara are both Pagan, and would receive them cordially. From Yakoba, Mr. Rohlfs proceeded, by an entirely new route, to the Binue, the great eastern affluent of the Kwarra or Niger, and descended it in a canoe to its junction with the latter stream at Lokoia. Finding, however, that he would be obliged to wait five or six months for a steamer, he crossed the country to Egga, Iderene, &c., and reached Lagos, when he embarked for Europe. A considerable part of his journey had been through regions hitherto unvisited by Europeans, and he had acquired a large amount of valuable information, and constructed accurate maps of the countries he had visited. He represents Mohammedanism as on the increase in Sudan; many of the rulers are Mohammedans, and they compel their subjects to accept it, slavery being the alternative. But, besides this compulsory method of conversion, there is an active system of missionary propagandism for the diffusion of Islamism throughout all these States, and the Mohammedan missionaries are as adroit and skilful as the Jesuits ever were. After a brief period of rest, Mr. Rohlfs started on his fourth journey of exploration, in December, 1867, going this time by way of Abyssinia and Darfur.

In the autumn of 1863, two French officers, Lieutenant Mage and Dr. Quintin, a surgeon in the French navy, set out on an exploring tour, at the command of General Faidherbe, the governor of the French settlements in Senegambia. Leaving St. Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal river, they ascended that river for about three hundred miles, and then struck off to the east at Kundian, a fortified town on the Senegal, and, after a weary journey of four months, reached the Kwarra, or Niger, some distance below Segou, the capital of the Pullah or Fullah Empire, and proceeded to that city. They were cordially received by Ahmedu, the son of the Emperor Hadji Omar, who, in his father's absence, was the regent of the State. Here they were detained, on various pretexts, for twenty-seven months, and compelled to take part in several battles and sieges which Ahmedu was conducting, either against his own revolted subjects or the warlike Pagan Malinkes. The Malinkes and the Bambaras are both negro tribes, (Mandingoes,) and speak substantially the same language, but the former are Pagans and the latter Mohammedans, and they are constantly at war. The Fullah Emperor and the officers of his court, as well as a considerable portion of his subjects, are not negroes, but Fulahs—a red or copper-colored race, which, judging from their forms and features, must be of Caucasian origin. The wars, prompted mainly by Mohammedan fanaticism, and in part, also, perhaps, by their greed for acquiring slaves, are intensely sanguinary and ferocious. The travellers employed

their time, as far as possible, in exploring the country around Segu, and surveyed the Kwarra for one hundred and fifty miles of its course. They found numerous rich towns and cities on its banks, but slavery and war have done much evil there. They were at length, on the demand of General Faidherbe, permitted to return to St. Louis, and escorted in state to the Senegal river. They reached France in the winter of 1867.

From the Public Ledger.

THE OPENING OF AFRICA.

The anxiety felt for the fate of the great African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, has prompted some of the London papers to call upon the British Government to send out immediately such expeditions as shall sweep the whole continent of Africa in search of him. It is suggested that small, but well-armed steamers shall ascend the navigable rivers in the neighborhood of the spot where he was last heard of, and that they shall carry out detachments of troops sufficient to annihilate all the resistance which could be offered by the natives. If they do not find him, the fact of such expeditions having been sent out will, it is supposed, impress the African chiefs with an idea of European power, and make them respect travellers for the future. Those who suggest such a scheme might as well go a little further, and insist on the military occupation of the interior of Africa. Another suggestion might be offered to the capitalists of England and the British Government, viz, the construction of an overland railway from Angela to Zanibar, whereby a saving of 5,000 miles would be effected in the journey from England to India, and the doubling of the stormy Cape of Good Hope would be avoided. The Coanze River might be made serviceable for a considerable distance from the Atlantic towards the Mocambe Mountains, which would have to be crossed or tunnelled through; thence to Cabango, Cazembe, or Lucamba and Quilsa, or some other point on the sea-board of the Indian Ocean.

Dr. Livingstone has already explored a large portion of the country between Lake Nyassi Cazembe, and is probably at this moment (as suggested by Sir Roderick Murchison) exploring the remainder of it between Cazembe and the Mocambe Mountains, which he visited some years back. The length of such a line of railway would be about 1,600 miles, which, in these days of triumphant engineering, is nothing very great. This suggestion is thrown out for the consideration of those who advocate military expeditions to sweep the interior of

Africa, the expense of which would far exceed the cost of the other scheme, and be of very little ultimate benefit. As the formation of grand routes is the leading feature of the age, it would not be surprising if, in a few years, some enterprising company should undertake to construct a route across Africa from the Bight of Biafra to the Strait of Babel Mandeb, a distance of about 2,500 miles, which would cut a straight line from the mouth of the Amazon to Bombay.

Let no one regard this as visionary. Already Sir Samuel Baker is at the head of an expedition, consisting of a flotilla of ten steamers and thirty sailing-craft, with troops on board, comprising several regiments, with engineers and artillery. Along with these are fifty shipwrights, who are to build vessels for the navigation of the Lake Albert Nyanza. The expedition will rendezvous at Khartsum, at the confluence of the Blue and the White Nile, and it will proceed thence along the latter stream so far as it is navigable. The first object of Sir Samuel Baker is to extirpate the slave trade. He is empowered by the Viceroy of Egypt to recapture and settle all slaves, on whom he can lay his hands, along the course of the White Nile, and plant them on a tract of fertile land by that river, providing them with seeds, agricultural implements, and cattle. A good road is to be made from Gondshero, a settlement on the White Nile, to the Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, as a portage past the last of the cataracts; and a grand depot is to be established in latitude 3 degrees 32 minutes, from which point the river is navigable to the Albert Nyanza. On that lake ships will be constructed, so that its entire length (about 250 miles) will be traversed without difficulty. There the expedition will be stopped by a spur of the Lunar Mountains, discovered by Speke and Grant in 1859, but from the northern end of the lake the White Nile continues its course to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, where it loses itself. The last-named lake is 250 miles broad and 250 miles from north to south, being triangular in shape. Its western shore is about 250 miles distant from Lake Tanganyika, which was discovered by Burton in 1859, and recently visited by Livingstone.

It will thus be seen that if Sir Samuel Baker should succeed in making a regular line of communication by road and steamer between Khartsum and the southern part of Lake Tanganyika, he will have established direct communication between the latter and Alexandria, and consequently with the whole world. He will have traversed 2,400 miles of country, and opened up to commerce and cultivation a vast territory, said to contain an inexhaustibly fertile soil, a rich climate, a teeming population, and scenery almost unrivalled for beauty and grandeur.

THE BIRD WITH A KNAPSACK.

The pelican is a large African bird, which has one peculiarity quite different from all of its cousins. It has a very oddly-shaped bill, and below it a great sack of skin, in which to carry its provisions. Pelicans might answer for soldier-birds, they are so comfortably supplied with knapsacks. These pouches are said to be large enough to hold fifteen quarts of water. When the bird goes a fishing, it always fills this sack, and then it returns to digest its food at its leisure. Some writer says that this pouch can hide fish enough to feed sixty hungry men. Probably they would require something else to help piece the meal out; but certainly this curious contrivance might hold enough to last its owner a day or two, if he was not so voracious. As it is, he hears the "hungry call" early in the morning, and lazily moves his sluggish form preparatory to a flight. It seems as hard as the movements of the sluggard; but food must be had. So he mounts to the height of twenty or thirty feet, keeping one eye turned towards the water. As soon as he sees a fish near enough to the surface, he darts down upon him like an arrow, and quickly drops him into the knapsack. So, very laboriously, he travels and fishes until his supply is obtained. Then he flies to shore, and rests in ease and contentment. Before night, however, the hungry call is heard again in his greedy stomach, and he is forced to make another sally for his supper.

All his spare time he spends in dismal, solemn quiet—his head resting on his precious magazine of fish, dozing away the bright hours.

The flesh is too rancid for even a savage's feast; but they are killed in great numbers for their silken pouches, which serve a great many useful purposes. They are even dressed and embroidered by the Spanish ladies, and made into handsome satchels.

These birds are sometimes tamed, and taught to fish for their masters. They are said also to live to the age of fifty, and even eighty years.—*The Presbyterian*.

RESOLUTION IN FAVOR OF COLONIZATION.

At the meeting of the WINDHAM COUNTY BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, which assembled at Brattleboro', Vermont, September 15, 1869, and which was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Dickey, of Lincoln University, Oxford, Pennsylvania, the following resolution was adopted, viz:

Resolved, That the members of this Association, recognizing the mysterious dispensation of Providence by which the

wickedness of man is overruled to the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom, and perceiving in the African population of the United States a powerful missionary element for the conversion of the millions of benighted heathen of Africa to a knowledge of Christ, do therefore recommend, that assurance and favor be shown to all Christian men of the African race within our borders who are desirous of transferring the sphere of their labors from this country to the land of their ancestors, and that we will use our influence and our prayers to that end.

From the Sunday School Times.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given!
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give—
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing—
Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters forever and ever
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses;
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses;
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover!
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give! as the hand gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;
Soon heaven's river, thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION AT CAPE PALMAS.

CAVALLA, *July 9, 1869.*—Our examinations are over; permit me to give you a brief account of the proceedings. In order to attend to the examinations more easily, I closed my own school before the rest. Our holidays, therefore, are ended when those of other schools begin.

On Monday, June 21, I rode to Cape Palmas on horseback, the easiest way to get there. After a little business at the Cape, I crossed the river with my boy, (the horse had to return,) and walked to Rocktown by moonlight. These moonlight walks are fatiguing, but solemn, when one hears nothing but the noise of the sea, with darkness spread over the land, one solitary messenger of peace walking along its border, and God's lights twinkling overhead.

June 22.—Mr. Bedell, Mr. Hunt, and the Rocktown school, went with me to *Fishtown*. In Sede, or Middletown, we stopped. Few faces were seen, but we sat down on some stones in an open place under palm-trees, and began to sing with a few town-boys. That brought others, brought many, so that after a while we had quite a double and triple fence of old and young people around us. After singing came some exercises in arithmetic—addition, subtraction, and multiplication; but no one knows how much five times seven is. There never was a school here. Then came religious questions, to ascertain how much they know of God's truth; and then I preached, Mr. Bedell interpreting. We spoke on the resurrection of the body, a theme so entirely new to all heathens. "Country-fashion," the ways and beliefs of their fathers are a terrible power, and they use them as a convenient wall of defence, through which God's Word must not break. It will, though. Some young men evidently wish to break through old customs and strive for improvement, but the law of communism prevents one man, or a few men, to advance beyond the rest. It is simply useless to do better than others, and often dangerous besides. Only this morning, I showed our king some yams in our garden, and asked, why his people do not cultivate them? He said: "Suppose one man plantee him, one man go tief him; no use." Some Middletown men spoke of this difficulty. We tried to show how unreasonable some of their customs were. "God has made man to walk five or six feet high, and you make your doors only high enough for a goat to walk straight in. Does man walk on four feet? You see winged ants fly into the fire, one by one. Those behind see others fall and die, and yet they go ahead. It is their country-fashion. But has a man not more head for thinking than an ant?" They laughed, and some hoped they would learn to think.

At Fishtown, we found Mr. S. Boyd, the catechist; the king,

the high-priest, and some patriarchs, came in to shake hands. I embraced this opportunity in trying to find their idea of "neighbor," and of "spirit." For the latter, a new word had sometime before been suggested; and here we tried to test it, (as in some other places.) Hitherto, we only had a word for "soul," which was therefore also used for "spirit." But we have now discovered a regular word, corresponding exactly with the English "ghost," in all its meanings; it is particularly ascribed to that thing in man that makes him have influence over others; and it, with the soul, leaves him when he dies. Our school-people did not know the word; but grown men do know it well. I have the testimony of old men in other towns too. We have spent several hours over it in different places; but the result is pleasant. The word is "fufude;" and now we can translate passages that have the words "soul and spirit." This is only a little instance of linguistic troubles and labors, that cost time, but, we trust, pay well at the end. After the examination of the vernacular school, (of which see below,) we returned to Rocktown, stopping and preaching again at the second of the two Middletowns.

It being late in the day, most of the people had returned home from their farms. Some young men said before all, "We believe, we believe." Yes, but how; how much do you know of Jesus? "Ah! we have no one to teach us the Word." Why do you not go to Fishtown, or Rocktown? "It is too far." But you have clothing, muskets, and many things from ships; or from Cape Palmas you can obtain these things from the white men; why not go for the good Word too? When I turned to go, many children, and some old men too, ran after me, and begged me to sing a little. It was already dark; but what could we do but sing? And they all sang; and I hope some of these poor singers will yet sing in heaven. On the beach, just where the sand is ankle-deep, we met a stout man with a high hat, over which was a red handkerchief tied, and he held a real trident in his hand. This strange Neptune turned out to be my old host Nyëma, King of Giteabo, who at once asked an offering of tobacco, which we could not make. This did not disturb his temper, though. But now to the report of examinations.

FISHTOWN.—There are no boarders here. Mr. Boyd teaches in town, where we have now a small school-house. There were only a few boys in town; the rest were watching rice on the farms. One could read tolerably well in Gedebo and English, and about ten knew some letters. None can write. In arithmetic they were scarcely above other heathen boys. In Bible History they would answer questions on the main facts

from the beginning of Abraham and Jacob. They also recited the Lord's Prayer. This is little, but it is regular missionary work in the midst of crowds of untaught children. They are all heathen as yet, but we will try and teach them so much Gospel that they shall come to Jesus.

ROCKTOWN, *June 23.*—Here we have four assistants: Miss Gregg, Mrs. Toomey, Mr. G. T. Bedell, and Mr. Hunt. Miss Gregg teaches the town children in her house; eight of them were present; the irregular attendants are not mentioned, and they are many. This school is another attempt to teach the Gospel in the native language, so that it must make a lasting impression, because they read what they learn, and I was glad to see that a good beginning is made. Mr. Bedell is the catechist and pastor of the station; Mr. Hunt the superintendent. Both spend much of their time in the school.

ORPHAN ASYLUM, CAPE PALMAS, *June 24.*—Beneficiaries, 10; day scholars, 4. *Teacher*, Miss Savery. The girls have much improved, and their reading and writing—the main thing at their age and life—was very satisfactory. The *smallest* girls copy without mistake, which is more than can be said of any other school. Two native girls have made remarkable progress.

PARISH SCHOOL, ST. MARK'S CHURCH, *June 24.*—*Teacher*, Mrs. Simpson. Pupils, 57; present, 54. This school must cost the teacher much labor and patience. It has the largest number of scholars. The teacher is paid seventy-five dollars by the Mission; the rest of her salary is paid by St. Mark's Church.

MOUNT VAUGHAN, HIGH SCHOOL, *June 25.*—*Teacher*, Mr. Joseph Elliot. Pupils, 23; beneficiaries, 5; boarders, 2; day pupils, 16. Studies: Reading, spelling, writing, the Scriptures, arithmetic, geography, natural philosophy, and physiology, music. Mr. Elliot has done hard work, and with success. There are rather too many studies, preventing thoroughness; and a good foundation in simple reading and writing is wanting. If young people can read, write, and handle sums and figures well, they are then prepared for study or business.

HOFFMAN STATION, *June 28.*—*Teacher*, Mr. Alonzo Potter. Beneficiaries, 15; day scholars, 15. Studies: Reading, writing, the Scriptures, Bible antiquities, grammar, geography, arithmetic, natural philosophy, rhetoric. Languages taught: English, Gedebo, and Greek. In most of the schools I did most of the examining. I did not stick to the beaten track, otherwise things might have gone smoother.

HALF GRAWAY, *June 29.*—*Teacher*, Mr. John Farr. Beneficiaries, 8. This school and the next have always been ex-

amined at Hoffman Station. This time we kept them at home, or rather took them over the lake to the native town, so that the parents and the townsmen could hear and see what a school is like. Studies: Reading, writing, Bible history, arithmetic. Languages: English and Gedebo.

GRAWAY, *June 29.*—*Teachers*, Mr. J. Bayard and wife. Beneficiaries, 6. The king, many men and women, were present and very attentive. Studies: Reading and writing in English and Gedebo, Bible history, arithmetic, geography, natural philosophy. Both in Graway and Half Graway I tried hard to begin town schools, but the catechist gave it up because the boys had to watch the rice fields against the birds; but even then we were surrounded by more than a dozen boys. Some people are always at home, and most are back from their farms by 5 p. m. The Graway towns have proved unfruitful as yet. Another year, I trust, we shall report better things, at least concerning schools.

CAVALLA GIRLS' SCHOOLS, *July 5.*—*Teachers*, Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Gillette, (native.) Beneficiaries, 22; day scholars, 21; total, 43. Studies: Reading and writing in English and Gedebo, Bible history, geography, arithmetic. Mrs. Gillette has the lower classes. The older girls (seven) have been taken from the school. One stays at home; the others are employed in the family or in the school, so as to pay for their food, clothes, &c. Several Christian women lose their employment thereby; but we cannot let these girls run wild, or keep them in school, (for they are native women,) just to give some people employment and support from the Mission. These and other changes, meant for the best good of all concerned, caused some trouble, and the native teacher has generally been with the grumblers. The school gives satisfaction, and has been a great factor in our African Mission hitherto.

BOYS' SCHOOL, *July 5.*—*Teacher*, Mr. Theodore Wulff, aided by some of the pupils. Beneficiaries, 24; day scholars, 12. Studies in English and Gedebo, the Bible, geography, grammar, arithmetic, reading, writing, and singing.

HOFFMAN INSTITUTE, *July 6.*—*Teachers*, J. G. Auer and Theodore Wulff. Studies: Bible, Christian doctrine, arithmetic, geometry, Latin and Greek, orthography, declamation, history, grammar, geography, natural philosophy, music. Convocation was held; the exercises as usual, besides two hours in teaching *about teaching*. Mr. Wulff goes back to Accra. Two of my students will be my assistants in the two schools, for the present, as monitors, with a small salary. On the whole, our work is far from going back, although it may seem so.—*Report of Rev. J. G. Auer in the Spirit of Missions.*

MUHLENBURG MISSION, ST. PAUL'S RIVER.

A Missionary writes as follows: "Kings and chiefs visit me frequently, and leave our mission with perfect delight. They promise me their friendship and support, and prove the sincerity of their promises by leaving their own children at the mission. One of their kings was so much pleased, that he determined to remove within half a dozen miles from Muhlenburg. He left his son with me, and promised that he would give his little daughter likewise. He speaks and writes the English language well, and is a man of unusual information. He desires some books for the instruction of the children of his town, before he sends them to the mission, or engages the services of the missionary to come and preach among them. Yesterday he paid me a visit, in company with another king, who showed me great respect, and left a son at our mission. You see I have the active co-operation of these headmen, and with their assistance I shall soon have more than the forty usually allowed by the Committee. You will pardon me if I say, that I will take the children of these kings and chiefs, though my family should swell up to more than fifty, instead of forty members. I do not wish to be regarded as a respecter of persons. The soul of a poor man's child is as valuable in the sight of God as that of a king's child. Nevertheless, even if both are equally pious and devoted to God and goodness, the influence of the one, by reason of his position, would be incalculably greater than that of the other. Hence, I have concluded not to refuse any of these headmen's children, even if I have to support them with my own little salary."

ISMAIL PASHA OF EGYPT.

If there ever was a merchant prince, Ismail Pasha of Egypt is entitled to that denomination. Once agriculturist, producer, exporter, law-maker, and controller of the railroad and water communication, he has been able to regulate production, transport, and price, according to his own interest, and to reduce monopoly to a mathematical certainty. Thus owning one-fourth of all the productive land in Egypt, chiefly cotton and sugar lands, and commanding the labor at his own price—or none at all, if it so pleases him—he can produce cheaper than any competitor. Then the transit, whether by railroad or canal, is under his control, and he could and did, forestall the market—his products ever having the preference in transmission, those of his rivals being stopped in transit by obsequious employees at a hint from his highness. Furthermore, he is the owner of a large fleet of steam vessels, and can never have any difficulty of exporting his produce, and can supply any

place that needs it. The taxation and duties levied on common mortals, and all the other nameless expenditures to facilitate shipment, are not imposed on the monarch of the country, whose goods go on velvet always, and he is above the laws which hamper others.

So when it is explained that Ismail Pasha is the great producer and exporter from Egypt, effectually the merchant prince of the period, his profits may be imagined, but may not be accurately estimated. An idea of the enormous harvest he thus reaps may be formed by a glance at the immense development of Egyptian exports during his reign, of which he gets the lion's share. This increase is chiefly owing to the impetus given to the production and price of Egyptian cotton and rice, due to the stoppage of the American supply during our war, from 1861 to the present year; for the exportations of Egypt, which in 1862 amounted to but 204,000,000 of francs in value, had attained to 445,000,000 in 1865, showing an increase of one milliard and a half in four years' time—two of which belonged to the reign of Said, and two to that of Ismail Pasha. Of this large income the cotton alone constituted in value 405,000,000 francs. The importations of the country for the same year (1865) amounted only to 134,000,000 francs, leaving a clear balance of trade in favor of Egypt of 310,000,000 francs, equal to about \$8,000,000, from this source alone. The same rapid march has taken place in population as in production and revenue. Thus Alexandria, which when Said mounted the throne in 1854, numbered a population of not more than 80,000, of whom about 20,000 only were Europeans, in 1865 could boast at least 200,000, of whom 100,000 were foreigners.—*Harper's Magazine.*

EXTRACTS FROM LIBERIA PAPERS.

NEW SETTLEMENTS INLAND.—The Hon. J. B. Dennis has come from St. Pedro river chiefly by land. He, with Governor Harmon and Dr. Fletcher, had been commissioned by the President to "spie out the land," and to make arrangements with native chiefs, preparatory to the establishment of new settlements further east. Mr. Dennis speaks highly of those regions, and says that they were generally well received by the natives. He came to send to members of the expedition succor in food, for their schooner is held fast by a calm.—*Cavalla Messenger.*

THE NEED OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.--This young country needs busy hands to win untold riches from the soil. We repeat what Ex-President Roberts said: "No country in the world better remunerates labor, and especially the labor of the hus-

bandman, than Liberia." Farm work pays well, if attended to. Let mechanics have their small farms, too, so that not all their earnings go to the merchants. This country is able to supply all with meat, vegetables, and fruits abundantly. What we want is a *public spirit*—a generous working together for a great end. The young Republic has done a good deal—it has kept alive under great difficulties and is ready for expansion.—*Ibid.*

CAPE PALMAS IMPROVING.—We understand from a friend that Cape Palmas has improved within the last two years beyond imagination. The facilities afforded the merchants there are very acceptable to all classes, and especially the "enterprising." They have four steamers monthly—*i. e.*, two homeward and two outward. Mr. Nelson says "he is erecting a building of 120 feet long by 50 feet wide and 75 feet high; besides a wharf of 160 feet long, which he has completed." The brig "Elsy," of 158 tons, of the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Co., of Boston, was loaded there in a few weeks with palm oil. *The People of Bassa.*

From the Republic, (New York,) September 27, 1869.

THE AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

We were deeply interested last evening in the statements of Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, relating to the condition and prospects of the African Republic. Mr. Roberts has resided forty years in Africa, and fourteen years held the position of Chief Magistrate in the Nation. No one is better qualified to represent her interests abroad. For ourselves, we have been the steadfast friend of African Colonization since the incipency of the movement, and have lost none of our faith in its efficacy to accomplish the objects in view. The purpose has been pursued with zeal, sagacity, and fixedness. The people of Liberia, since the year 1820, when the first settlers embarked from New York, have extended their jurisdiction over six hundred miles of coast, formerly covered with the barracons of slave dealers. The population comprises not less than 600,000 souls, of whom 15,000 emigrated from the United States, the remainder being for the most part aboriginal inhabitants, many of whom have become both Christianized and civilized, and so closely assimilated to the Americo-Liberians, that a stranger would not readily discriminate between them. They have established on the Western Coast of Africa an asylum where there is no proscription of color, or other forms of political oppression or prejudice. In truth, we have only to acknowledge the fact, that within the brief period of twenty years there has been founded within the tropics an indepen-

dent, free, and enlightened nationality of the colored race, where before the pall of an unmitigated barbarism rested upon the continent. The negro has demonstrated his capacity for self-government.

President Roberts, in his address, to which allusion has been made, asserted unhesitatingly a belief that Liberia has done as much for the suppression of the slave trade as all the combined naval squadrons stationed on that coast. They have broken up the barracoons, (or receptacles for captured Africans intended for export,) so that since the year 1852 there have been none, and slave traders, consequently, failed in their nefarious schemes. Liberia has continued to grow, in all respects, in commerce and agriculture. It was a wonderful land. He could recollect when not more than fifty tons of palm-oil, and perhaps as many tons of cam-wood, could be collected in a year for export. The last year not less than six hundred tons of cam-wood, twelve hundred tons of palm-oil, and two hundred tons of palm-kernels were included in the exports of the Republic; and these articles of commercial enterprise and wealth are capable of being increased to almost any extent.

The sugar-cane is equal to any in the world, and the coffee bears a comparison with the Mocha. Liberia is steadily increasing in wealth. Mr. Roberts believed the American Colonization Society had done all it promised to do. In 1847 the connection between the Society and the Colony was dissolved, as the British Government declared itself incapable of holding diplomatic intercourse with an organization having no political existence. Since then the Government has been administered wholly by blacks, and now has treaty stipulations with thirteen foreign Powers. The authorities had acquitted themselves well.

There was one object not wholly effected, viz: the introduction of Christianity and civilization among the aborigines. It had been introduced, but not extended, though the moral elements had developed as fast as the material. The desire was to incorporate the aboriginal tribes in the political system; not to drive them back, but to assimilate. Not half a dozen Liberian families are without natives under tuition. One man brought from the interior, almost in a state of nudity, was now an intelligent member of the Legislature. The great embarrassment now is that the aborigines are coming on so fast for assistance in acquiring an education, that the Liberians are unable to command the needed appliances for their advancement. To obtain aid in this work is the object of Mr. Roberts' visit to the United States.

Dr. Orcutt, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, stated that since the war 2,234 colonists had been sent to Af-

rica from the United States. Last year about 450 went out, and in a month or two 200 or 300 more will accompany Ex-President Roberts on his return.

Liberia is the offspring of American benevolence and Christian philanthropy, and the friends of African Colonization have reason for pride in their achievements.

AFRICAN COLONIZATION—EMIGRATION.

24 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, October 15, 1869.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

My attention has been directed to an article on African Colonization, which appeared in your paper of the 12th instant, based upon a circular which has just been issued by the Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Colonization Society. The circular contains some statements calculated to make an erroneous impression, and which concern the American Colonization Society, under whose supervision the enterprise has been prosecuted for half a century. As one of the Secretaries of this Society, I feel called upon to notice these errors briefly.

"Very few useful and trustworthy emigrants," says the circular of the New York Society, "offer to go to Liberia, and those recently sent have been chiefly freedmen from the South, who, by reason of their poverty and ignorance, are unprepared to help themselves, or the cause of civilization in Liberia." The number of emigrants sent to Liberia by the American Colonization Society since the war is 2,234—453 of whom went last year. Besides these, thousands of applicants have been rejected for the want of means to colonize them. In regard to the character of those sent, over five hundred of them were members of Christian churches, and about twenty licensed preachers of the Gospel.

General O. O. Howard, who provided for the passage of most of them from their homes to the port of embarkation, was led to remark, "that it pained him to have such worthy people leave the country; that the Society did not get those drawing rations, or inmates of the hospitals, to go to Liberia, but those that could not well be spared—the very cream of the colored population." Much similar testimony might be adduced from men equally competent to judge in the case. But aside from all such testimony, it would seem that it is too late in the day to speak thus disparagingly of the class of emigrants sent. The Society has colonized more or less of the same class of people every year since the first company embarked from this city in 1820; and the result is a Christian Republic on the

Coast of Africa, in formal treaty with thirteen of the principal Powers of the earth. What is the African Republic but the product of the very kind of seed which is declared to be worthless? If such people as are now sent were valuable colonists forty years ago, why should they not be of some use to Liberia now? For Africa's sake, and their own sake, the voice of Providence says to us in trumpet tones: "Let these people go."

At the same time the American Colonization Society is in sympathy with all wise and well-directed efforts to promote the cause of education in Liberia. Years ago it helped to establish a College there, and through its agency thousands of dollars have recently been given for the support of that institution. It will continue to use its influence in this behalf.

And the fact should not be overlooked that three Missionary Boards are expending some \$50,000 this year in their mission work in Liberia. Connected with these missions are numerous schools, which might be multiplied by an increase of funds for the purpose. These Boards understand their business. Their Agents are on the ground, competent and ready to manage the education work in all its details, and we think they can do it cheaper and more effectually than anybody else.

The American Colonization Society sees no good reason for ceasing its operations or changing its policy. Under its auspices another company of emigrants will embark for Liberia the first of next month, and we shall continue to call upon our friends for their contributions to the cause.

JOHN ORCUTT,

Secretary American Colonization Society.

HON. JOHN BELL—HON. GEORGE F. PATTEN.

We regret to have to record the decease of two Vice-Presidents of the American Colonization Society, and efficient friends of every good and righteous cause. On the 10th of September, the Hon. JOHN BELL, died at his residence at the Cumberland Iron Works, near Nashville, Tennessee, near where he was born, in 1797. He was elected to the State Senate when but twenty years old, and entered Congress when thirty-one years of age. He continued a member of the House for fourteen years. He was a member of President Harrison's Cabinet. In 1847 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and remained a member of that body until 1859. At one time, it will be remembered, Mr. Bell was a candidate for the Presidency.

The Hon. GEORGE F. PATTEN, whose death took place at Bath, Maine, on the 26th of September, was born in Topsham, Maine, on the 18th of September, 1787. A writer in the *Christian Mirror*, of Portland, Maine, states that he began to be interested in the construction and ownership of vessels in Topsham about the year 1812, but removed with his brother John to Bath in 1820, where they have carried on business ever since, having been, probably, the most distinguished ship-building and ship-owning firm in the State of Maine. They have built and owned about fifty vessels, two of them sea-going steamers, but the most of them large ships, which they have managed with great wisdom and success, accumulating one of the largest fortunes belonging to any in the State. The business of Mr. Patten has always been managed with the utmost honor and unimpeachable integrity, gaining for him, among all whom he employed, by sea and land, the most sincere affection and respect. Mr. P. had a remarkably correct mechanical eye and the skillful hand of "the cunning artificer," and, depending entirely on his own resources, he labored with his own hands for many years, first upon some small boats, and afterwards on his larger vessels.

Mr. Patten was for many years one of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College, and one of the corporate members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; was elected for four years a member of the Maine Legislature, for eight years was Vice-President of the Maine Missionary Society, and in all these, as in other situations of public trust, commanded high confidence and respect. He was by no means ostentatious in his gifts, and large numbers of his charitable donations are known only to God and those who received them. Like one of his own gallant ships, as they sailed down our river towards the ocean, well officered and manned, strongly fastened and firmly built under his own inspection, all fitted to encounter whatever hazards were before them, so this noble-hearted man, firmly and cheerfully in Christ, passed away consciously and serenely from the scenes of earth, to enter upon the boundless realities of happy eternity.

ITEMS OF INTELLIGENCE.

DESIRE TO RETURN.—Among the services during the Baptist Anniversaries at Macon, Georgia, in May last, it is stated that the address of Rev. A. D. Phillips to the Second Baptist Church of colored people was peculiar, and indicative of a new era. Mr. Phillips has been several years in Yoruba, in Central Africa, and very successful as a missionary. During the war the natives aided in his support, as in that of other missionaries; while also on a visit to England he obtained considerable subscriptions. He returned to this country to recruit some months ago. A few Sabbaths ago, in addressing the colored Baptist Church in Mobile, Alabama, he quoted, as usual, the Lord's Prayer in Yoruba, when several men and women in the crowd fairly shouted with joy. After service, some twenty-five or thirty men and women came pressing through the aisles to meet him and addressed him in Yoruba. On inquiry, he found they were native Yorubans, of a better class of negroes brought to Savannah some ten years ago by the *Wanderer*. A party of Dahomey warriors, on a slave-hunt, had seized them when on a trading excursion, and carried them to the coast, where they were shipped on the *Wanderer*. These people have kept themselves separate from intermarriage and intercourse with the other colored people, and since their emancipation have hoped some day to get to their home. They have become Christians, and united with the Baptist Church. They have been saving up money to get home, and begged Mr. Phillips to take them.

WORK AMONG THE NATIVES.—We have received the intelligence of the death of one of our native helpers, C. N. Clark, who was stationed at Mount Olive, Liberia, among the natives. The station was established chiefly by the conversion of brother Clark and one other native. These two young men were much devoted to their work among the natives. Brother Deputie, the Superintendent of the work, writes to Bishop Roberts, that brother Clark continued in his work up to April 11, when he preached his last sermon, and incidentally said his stay on earth would be short.

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE FROM ABBEOKUTA.—The Rev. H. Townsend, who is now in England, has received letters from Abbeokuta, and the following is from his summary of their contents: "I have received by the past mail several letters of great interest, containing the gratifying intelligence of the re-opening of our church at Ake, at which there were, it is estimated, 1,000 persons—800 inside, and 200 outside unable to get admission for want of room. The collection after the service amounted to 2,226,000 cowries, and 17. 10s. in coin. The total value would be about 73*l*. I cannot tell exactly, as there is a fluctuation in the rate of exchange. The cowries would require about 111 persons to carry them. The Lord's Supper was administered the same day, at which 316 communicated. I think these are telling facts."

THE HOTTENTOTS.—The Hottentots living in Cape Colony, South Africa, number in all 79,966. Many of them are rising in the scale of education,

civilization, and religion. In one of their towns, having a population of over 1,000, they have lately built a Christian chapel, which will accommodate about 600 hearers, and it is generally crowded with attentive worshippers.

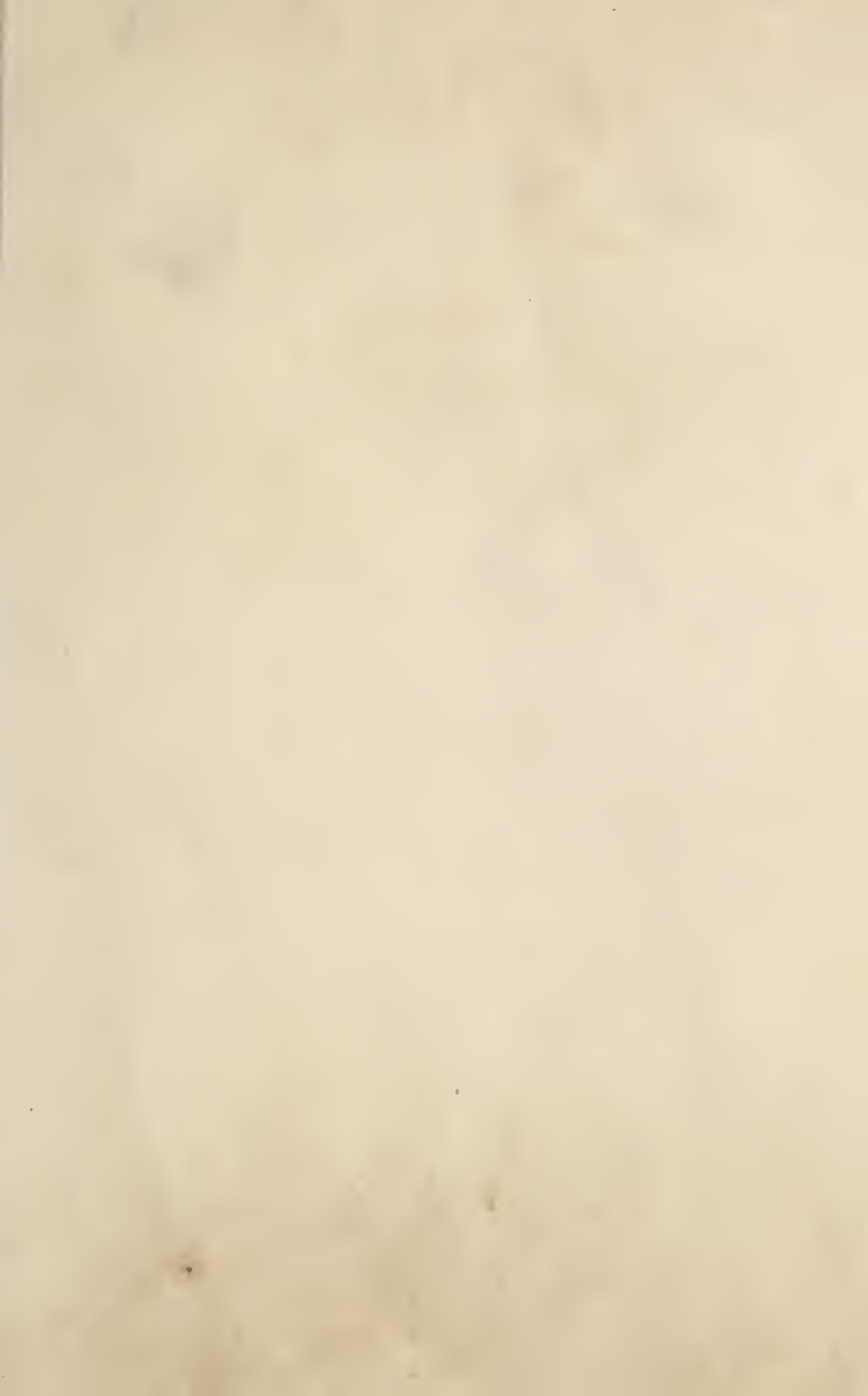
TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO THE KAFFIR LANGUAGE.—Some four years ago a Missionary Conference met at Lovedale, and amongst other matters, took up the consideration of the propriety of re-translating the Bible in Kaffir. This was done on the ground that the translation at present in use, by the Rev. Mr. Appleyard, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was disfigured by many blemishes. This, perhaps, was not to be wondered at, as with early translations this is more the rule than the exception. A plan has been adopted for the revision of the whole, by a board of translators appointed by the various Societies now having Missionaries laboring among the Kaffirs. The Societies thus co-operating, are the Church of England, Wesleyan, London Society, German, United Presbyterian, and the Free Church of Scotland.

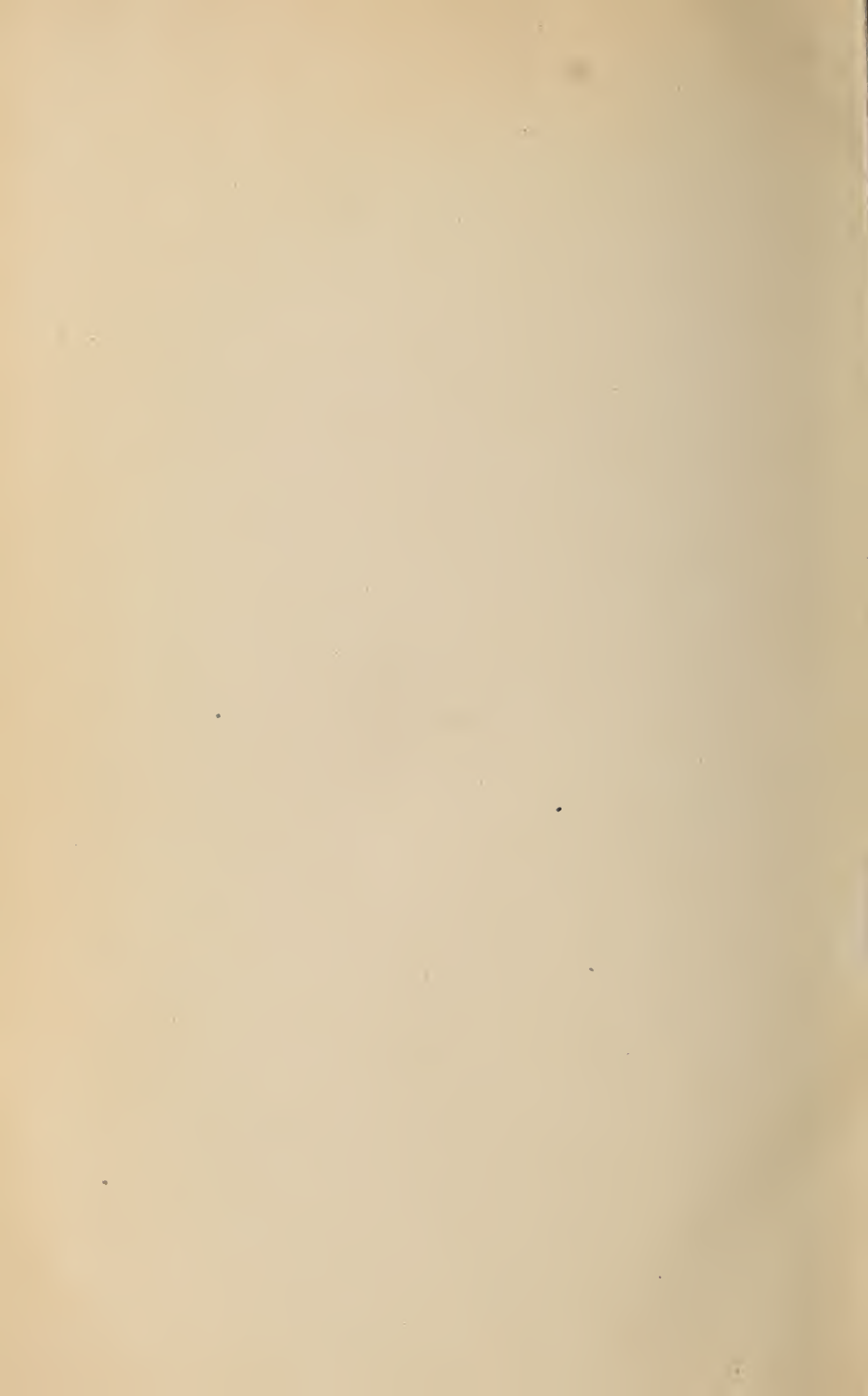
A CHANGE.—Henry Ahquah, King of Winnebah, on the West Coast of Africa, is announced as Agent for the *The West African Herald*, a newspaper edited and printed by natives.

Receipts of the American Colonization Society,

From the 20th of September to the 20th of October, 1869.

NEW YORK.		
By Rev. Dr. Orcutt, (\$219.71.)		
<i>Brooklyn</i> —Pacific Street M. E. Church, \$21; collection in Reformed Church on the Heights, to support African youth in Liberia College, \$61.58.....	85	58
<i>New York City</i> —A. S. Barnes & Co., \$68.70 in books for Liberia College, in addition.....	68	70
<i>Kingston</i> —Mrs. H. H. Reynolds and family, \$50; cash, \$5.43.....	55	43
<i>Haverstrow</i> —Rev. A. S. Freeman and family.....	10	00
	219	71
NEW JERSEY.		
By Rev. Dr. Orcutt, (\$12.50.)		
<i>Princeton</i> —Rev. Dr. McCosh, in books for Liberia College.....	12	50
PENNSYLVANIA.		
<i>Philadelphia</i> —D. N., through <i>The Presbyterian</i>	2	00
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		
<i>Washington</i> —Miscellaneous.....	35	70
OHIO.		
By Rev. B. F. Romaine, (\$191.73.)		
<i>Columbus</i> —JOSEPH HUTCHESON, J. W. BALDWIN, GEORGE W. MONEYPENNY, each \$30, for Life Membership; G. W. Dunn, \$10.....	100	00
<i>Xenia</i> —JAMES C. McMILLAN, for Life Membership.....	30	00
<i>Cedarville</i> —Reformed Presbyterian Church, \$15; Mrs. Martha Dallas, Miss Mary J. Dallas, Miss Julia Kendall, Mrs. John Miller, S. R. Stormout, each \$2; Widow McMillan and family, \$1.75; Mrs. M. W. Reed, James Harbison, Mrs. E. J. Steele, each \$1; sundry small sums, \$2.25—\$34—of which \$30 is to constitute REV. JAMES F. MORTON a Life Member; Robert McMillian, \$1; Rev. Andrew Herron, 50 cents; John R. Hemphill, \$26.25—\$27.75— which, with balance of above, is to constitute REV. SAMUEL STERRETT a Life Member.....	61	75
	191	75
FOR REPOSITORY.		
<i>NEW HAMPSHIRE</i> — <i>Peterborough</i> —Reuben Washburn, to Sept. 1, 1870.....	1	00
<i>IOWA</i> — <i>Ridgeway</i> —Henry W. Klamme, to October 1, 1870.....	1	00
<i>KANSAS</i> — <i>Fort Scott</i> —Marshall Eddy, to October 1, 1870, \$1. <i>Emporia</i> —J. A. Ball, to April 1, 1870, 50 cents.....	1	50
<i>ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES</i> —Clark & Maynard, to Sept. 1, 1870.....	4	00
Repository.....	7	50
Donations.....	425	96
Miscellaneous.....	35	70
Total.....	\$469	16





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